

AN
ANSWER
TO THE
SATYR
AGAINST
MANKIND.

1679.

WERE I to chuse what sort of Corps I'd wear,
Not Bear or Dog, Lord Monkey, or a Dear;
But I'd be Man, not as I am the worst;
But Man refin'd such as he was at first.

The speechless state of Brutes I would refuse,
For the same cause another doth it chuse,
For then the Reputation I should loose
Of Wit, Extravagance, and Mode, from whence
Reason is made to truckle under sense.

Or if to sense I did so much incline,
I'd rather be a Satyr, Goat, or Swine,
To help to break the Court-Physicians, who
Besides compounding Lusts, have nought to do.
Nature (exceeding Broths) would then excite
Supplies to make a full-meal'd appetite,
No Bug-bear Conscience dulling the delight.

But what needs such a Metamorphosis?
Man, being Man, can do even more than this,
Granting the Principle, that Reasons use
Is not to curb, but make Sense more profuse.
For though Mans Sense less vigorous is than Brutes,
His Pander-Reason can contrive Recruits
For its defects: What Sins the Sensual Man
Can't do alone, the Reasonable can
With useful Wit; for sensuality
An half-unfashion'd Sinner doth desery:
He's Modishly debauch'd; who can't tell why?

That

That spurs up slow-pac'd Lust by Argument,
 Which to tyr'd sense gives no divertisement,
 But calls for more when all its sin is spent.
 And though the flagging wretch would be content
 (Disabl'd for more Vice) now to Repent;
 Upbraiding Reason checks the puny motion,
 Bids it cheapen, and gives it t'other Portion:
 Till after all, when Nature hath given o're,
 And Art can Buoy up Aged Sense no more.
 Reason reserves this Remedy at last,
 To think those Pleasures, which it cannot taste.
 In this the thinking Fool may become wise,
 And yet think on, that his thinking lies
 In Notions of Venerial Mysteries.
 Hence sprang the Reasoning Art in former days
 Of *Spintria* *Ofis*: and the Modern ways
 By Baths, Lascivious Pictures, Gigs and Plays.
 If this be Reason's use, no more we'll call
Clodius incontinent, but Rational,
 And boast the Reason of *Sueidaspal*.
 Reason Nick-nam'd like Quaker's new-found Light;
 One while call'd Spirit, *alias* Appetite.
 A stupid Reason which none will defend,
 But he that hath with Brutes one common end.
 Debasing Reason! Coupling ev'ry Ass,
 Even with my Lord in the same reasoning class.
 He be no Student in this Learned School,
 I'd rather be the humane thinking Fool,
 The Cloister'd Coxcomb able to converse,
 (Although alone) with the whole Universe,
 And reasoning into Heaven, mount from thence
 Post Gazetts of Divine Intelligencē,
 And Sacred knowledge most remote from sense.
 Might I be plac'd in that exploded Sphear,
 I'd not alone forgive that witty Jeer,
 But boast the Name of Reasoning Engineer.
 But as for Man made perfect and upright,
 Why not the Image of the Infinite?
 Were this a scandal to his Glory; must
 We for his Honours sake his word distrust?
 Or is an Image such a very shame
 With what it represents? that it must claim
 It's full Perfections? Sure my Picture might
 Be Painted like me, and yet void of sight.
 Must the first draught of Man be vilify'd,
 Scorn'd and condemn'd, cause Man himself hath stray'd?
 Or did not *Eze* sufficiently transgress,
 And Bastardise Posterity? unless
 Man, little as he is, be made much less.
 Though he doth not his higher end pursue
 So well as doth the more Ignoble Crew
 Of Birds and Beasts (that little have to do.)
 The difficulty of his lofty end,
 Above the others doth his cause defend,

And in the means a disproportion pleads,
 Choyce sways the one, instinct the other leads.
 'Tis not 'cause Jowlers wife he takes the Hare
 But 'tis because Jowler cannot forbear,
 Though in the Chair of State some lolling sit
 That therefore none can sit upright in it,
 Is an ill Consequence and void of wit.

But you your self have taught Man such a way
 Unto his happiness, that he must stray,
 For if his sense must usher in his rest,
 And never be abridg'd of its request,
 He may be drunk and Pockey, but ne're blest.

As for Pride-gendering Philosophy
 (A captious word) 'tis what you'l have it be,
 Its own distinctions have an art to shew
 'Tis good or bad, or neither as please you.
 Some Sects love Wrangling, others Pedantic
 Yet in the love of Wisdom all agree,
 Wisdom which all acknowledge to be good,
 But hath the fate to be misunderstood;
 Yet though Fools crowd among Philosophers,
 The fault is not the Sciences but their's.
 With all their flaws our *Bedlam*-schools I'de chuse
 Before the madder Taverns, lewder Stews.

Though both are Slaves, I rather do respect

The *Stoick* than *Epicurean* Sect.

If Sense or Reason, one must be deny'd,
 Reason would tell me, Reason must abide
 The less obnoxious and the surest guide—
 But since kind Nature hath design'd them both,
 For humane complement, I should be loth
 To give up blindfold sense to its own Will,
 Or grant a Tyrant Reason leave to kill
 Such usefull Faculties: My Reason shall
 Govern my subject Sense, but not Enthral.
 Nor shall Officious Sense presume to act,
 Till Justice Reason authorise the fact.

That Humane Nature is corrupt I grant,
 But wasn't the use of Reason or the want,
 That puff't out the warm breath of love? from whence
 Sprang Murder first, but from malicious Sense?

Which having once Usurp'd Queen Reasons Throne,

Was not contented with one sin alone,

But falling headlong, plainly shews (alas)

By too too fatal proof, that that which was

The best, corrupted, to the worst doth pass.

Hence the acutest Wits when they're defil'd
 Turn most extravagant, prophane and wild,
 Defend Debaucheries, and Sense advance,
 To reason Reason out of countenance,
 Making their knowledge worse than ignorance.

But must Humanity be quite erase'd,
 Because it is from what it was deface't?

Or must the little Reason men yet hold
 For their improvement, be for Dogs-flesh sold?
 Sometimes the Gamester whom ill Fortune crosses,
 With his last stake recovers all his losses.
 He's but a weak Physitian that gives o're
 His weaker Patient whom he might restore,
 But may he suffer an Eternal Curse,
 That dares prescribe a remedy that's worse
 Than the disease it self; when Jowlers lame,
 No one expects that he should kill the Game,
 But that he may hereafter, I am sure
 'Tis best not to cut off his leg, but cure.
 He that feels qualmes of Conscience in his Breast,
 Let him not barter Reason with a Beast,
 But purge out Guilt, with which he is oppress'd,
 That honesty's against all common sense,
 Is a good Argument for my defence,
 If sense with that which hath so great a fame
 Be inconsistent, sense is much to blame,
 And Reason will (spight of your rime and tide)
 Of Ink, Wit and Contempt more firm abide
 For having such a vertue on her side.

And valour too takes part with her, for sense
 (As you contrive it) puts no difference
 Between the Valiant that are so for fear,
 And Cowards that would be, but do not dare;
 Reason could ne're frame such a witty thing,
 That men should fight for fear of quarrelling.
 All men you say for Fools or Knaves must go
 And he's a man himself that calls them so,
 And being Man is at his own Choice free,
 Or in the rank of Fools or Knaves to be,
 Let him be either or else both for me.

But let me, Sir, request before you slip
 Into your Dog, or Bear, or Monky-ship,
 Whether you think their brutish form procures
 Any advantages exceeding yours?
 Both Dog and Bear as well as men will fight,
 And (to no purpose too) each other bite,
 And as for Puggy all his vertues lye
 In Aping Man, the only thing you fly.

The wisest way these evils to redress,
 Is to be what you are, nor more, nor less
 (That is) not Man, Dog, Bear, nor Monky neither,
 But a rare something of them all together.

FINIS.